

Support for Limbo

by mythica magic

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Summary: To Kagome, 'Limbo' was a dance where people bend backwards to go underneath a stick. Of course, since dying her outlook has changed as she unwittingly forms a support group for the resident 'lost souls.' AU SessKag

1. Chapter 1

Warnings: This fic will be taking place in limbo, so no surprise it'll have death and the different forms it takes. Therefore there will eventually be implied suicide and some dark themes hinted at. If you're sensitive to this please don't read on. Overall despite this, this fic has got a mix of fluff, humor and other aspects so I hope you enjoy.

~ Support for Limbo ~

Chapter 1

_ "The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time." - Mark Twain_

o.o.o

Her lungs were on fire.

Frantic hands clawed around for dear life, searching for something, anything to grab onto.

Nothing met her outstretched fingers. It was dark, and panic was starting to overwhelm her fractured senses.

But everything felt so heavy, she couldn't find it in her to keep fighting. The strength left her tired body as thoughts became nothing more than abstract concepts. There was no Grandpa, or Mother, or even Souta anymore.

Please, help me, was her last coherent thought.

* * *

><p>The sensation of being knocked roughly to the side jolted her awake. The young woman blinked and instantly frowned, rubbing her sore shoulder.<p>

"Hey! Watch where you're going next time!" She called after a random woman.

The problem with this, was that it could have been someone else who had bumped her. There were so many people walking past it would have been impossible to pick out her 'assailant,' because they were probably long gone. Some people were speed walking, like they were late for a meeting but wanted to keep up appearances by not running. Others were jogging easily, while others shuffled their feet slowly, dragging themselves on with evident effort.

The girl watched them pass her, being jostled every now and then as they pushed or brushed by. She tried to move out the way, but her feet felt like they were glued to the ground beneath her. She glanced down

She was standing on planks of light brown wood. From in between the gaps she spied the shimmer of water gently lapping against beams. It finally registered that she was on a bridge.

"Where am I?" She squeaked, alarmed and not knowing why. No one else seemed worried. They were all walking like they had a plan, a destination, so why didn't she?

Maybe I'll find the answer if I just follow these guys. She figured that sounded sensible, after all she wasn't getting anywhere by just standing around, and she was tired of getting bumped into by the moving crowd.

She started forward hesitantly, feeling her legs shake. Her hand quickly latched onto the nearby railing, and she steadied herself, breathing out slowly. T-this is weird, am I taking my first steps again or something? Come on, you know how to walk. One foot in front of the other.

Her legs continued to shake like jelly, heart slamming in her chest. W-whats wrong with me?

"Move aside missy, if you ain't walking then you got no business hogging the railing." Came a grating voice. The girl turned to see an older woman, with grey hair and faded green eyes.

"Oh, sorry, my bad." She felt too vulnerable to bite back, and leaned away from the side rail to let the old lady pass. She did so, grumbling and holding onto the railing as she walked on with quivering steps.

"Do you need some help?" The girl called, her shaking forgotten as she took a few solid steps forward.

The old lady turned slowly, craning her neck to hear. "Hm? Oh. Tch, I

guess so. Wish I had my damn walking stick with me." She muttered.

The girl's hand was on her arm a second later, taking her weight by putting another arm around her shoulders. The woman muttered her thanks.

"No problem, I'm—" Her mouth moved, but no sound came out. Startled, she wet her lips and tried again, this time trying to piece the letters together in her mind.

No matter how hard she tried, the letters K-A-G-O-M-E, would not make sense to her.

"It's nice to meet you," she said instead.

A grunt signaled that her companion felt likewise.

"Any idea where we're headed?" She asked, undaunted.

"Don't much care to question it."

She rose a brow, noting the dazed look in the woman's green eyes. Glancing around, a slight tremor of unease rocked her as she noticed the same vacant expression on each persons face in the crowd. She began to notice the mix of ages around her, as both incredibly old, and incredibly young walked or ran past. Some wore pajamas, others regular clothes. She spotted one man who was naked and quickly averted her eyes.

Not one person glanced around, all eyes were faced forward. Expressions varied from worried, to peaceful, happy to stressed. But every one of them seemed lost in their own little world.

The girl turned her sights forward, eyes tracing the pure, cloudless blue sky above. There was no sun, and she frowned, wondering why that bothered her. Was a sun supposed to be there?

The crowd began to thin, and only then did she catch a glimpse of just what everyone was heading towards.

In the distance, a large rectangle of light beckoned them closer. She only caught sight of it for a second, but it's warm glow tugged at her senses. A rush of emotion swept through her violently, like a punch to the gut. It stole her breath and chocked fire in her throat. It was as if something had wrapped around her neck in a steel grip. Tears pricked her eyes, and she stopped dead.

"Eh? What's wrong with you?" The old woman asked, squinting at her.

Torn ragged sobs burst from her mouth, and she squeezed her eyes shut so tight she saw stars. When she opened her eyes the woman had shuffled on without her, but it didn't seem to matter anymore. She silently listened to the crowd's footsteps, the creak of wood and the sound of water gently lapping beneath the bridge.

"My name is Kagome." She breathed.

The surface under her feet disappeared, and she plunged into the

waiting depths below.

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AN: New Sesskag fic ahoy! If you previously read The Otome Game, then welcome back guys! If not, then hello new readers ^_^ Ahem, I'll try not to share too much personal stuff this time, but I appreciate the support from my last fic so much. The subject matter in this one might seem a little strange because of um 'life circumstances' and writing about death and such is never easy, but I feel a need to get this written. I don't hold any strong beliefs about the afterlife so this is just a romp in imagination limbo land. Depressing subjects mixed with humor and fluff is my jam apparently.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two

"I don't know if you've ever noticed this, but first impressions are often entirely wrong." - Lemony Snicket

o.o.o

Kagome felt water close over her head. Panic flooded her mind as she chocked. It took several seconds for her to calm down, remembering with a mental wince that she could swim. She kicked her legs, breaking the surface and gasping for air. Looking up, she blinked the moisture clouding her vision, realizing she was below the bridge. She jumped when her foot hit something solid, and touching down, she found that she could stand.

"W-what the heck..." Kagome muttered, standing at full height, her clothes soaking. The water was at her waist, but she knew she'd just plunged into deeper depths a second ago.

Whats going on? She glanced up at the people passing overhead. "Hello! Can anyone hear me! Please, help me!"

Not one person paused. Growling in frustration, Kagome wadded through the water until she could look up at the crowd passing by. "Hey! I'm down here!" She yelled.

Seeing that it was useless, Kagome sighed. The bridge would be too difficult to climb by herself, since the support beams were spaced too far away from each other.

Looking to the right side of the bridge, she started in shock. The door she'd first entered through had nothing on the other side. People materialized as they passed through it, stepping onto the bridge. Looking to the left side where everyone was headed, she saw something similar happening. People walked through the brightly lit door, but then disappeared into thin air.

She shivered and held her arms, turning to glance behind her. Mist clung to the water, making it difficult to see what lay beyond the large expanse. Squinting, she spied what looked like a patch of green hidden in the gloom. Deciding to chance it, she started wadding slowly forward.

While it crossed her mind to worry about the possible creatures lurking underneath the surface, Kagome mostly reeled from the situation. When tracing her thoughts back, her memories eluded her. The only thing she knew was her name, and she gripped onto the thought tightly, with a desperation that frightened her. She rubbed her arms, trembling from her soaked clothes.

As she drew further away from the bridge the mist seemed to dissipate, revealing a lone tree. Land! Kagome grinned, sloshing forward eagerly. Setting foot on the shore, she sighed in relief as sand crunched beneath her trainers. Turning back, she could see the bridge in the distance, catching the movement of people continuously crossing it.

Her jeans were soaked, but she decided to keep them on despite her shivering. Since her shoes were water logged she bent down and pulled them off, along with her socks, burying her feet in the white sand. Setting them down away from the water, Kagome decided to look around.

She noticed that the tree had a lone swing attached to its branches. It hung lifelessly in the air, with a stillness that somehow felt unnatural. The tree itself was in full bloom, and was a vibrant shade of green. In fact, it was the only splash of color in the area. Its branches were white, as was the grass and flowers around it. Everything apart from those bright leaves looked lifeless, as if covered in a thick layer of dust.

"So where am I now?" She murmured.

Wandering around the side of the tree, her foot snagged on something. Kagome gasped and squeezed her eyes shut, grunting from the impact of the ground.

"Ow..." She hissed, pushing herself up and rubbing her sore knee.

"Be silent." Said a voice, sharp and curt.

Jumping, Kagome turned, sitting back on her heels to see a man lying upright against the tree. Her eyes widened at the sight.

She assumed he was a man from the deep voice and look of his body, but his features were exotic and almost...otherworldly. He had markings on his face that she assumed were tattoos, and long silver hair. His clothes were old fashioned, very old fashioned, clad in white with a red honeycomb design on the sleeves and collar. Kagome turned to face him, eyes drinking in his image.

She was almost tempted to say he looked inhuman. "E-excuse me, do you know where we are?"

His eyes slid open to pin her with an intense stare. Kagome's breath caught. They were gold.

"Read the sign," he muttered, shifting his back against the tree to get comfortable. He closed his eyes, as if dismissing her.

Kagome frowned and stood up, briefly looking around. Her gaze landed on a small wooden sign sticking out of the grass, almost like someone

had added it as an afterthought.

Wandering over to it, she squinted at the faded letters: 'Limbo' it read.

At first, she was mostly confused. Limbo...that was a dance, right? She vaguely recalled a place with the name, but it involved the afterlife. That's right, its a place that's neither heaven or hell, like an in-between realm.

A burst of laughter escaped her, and Kagome turned back to the man lounging against the tree. "Right, very funny ha-ha. I have to admit this is a weird prank, but if your aim is to confuse the hell out of me then you've hit the mark."

A golden eye cracked open as his expression darkened. "Your voice is incredibly grating."

Kagome bristled and crossed her arms. "Look, I'm tired, cold and wet, can you please just show me the cameras so I can go home already."

His lips lifted in a silent snarl, making Kagome draw back. He had fangs.

I-is he really not human? Her suspicions seemed correct as he shifted, hair sliding forward to reveal pointed ears. Either he was a very convincing elf cosplayer, or he really was some kind of demon.

"Do not be so conceited as to think this is an elaborate rouse just for you. This Sesshoumaru tires of this, leave or I will remove you myself." He uttered, velvet voice almost caressing in its patronizing tone.

Kagome didn't doubt he could, but rocking back on her heels, her mind refused to comprehend the reality of the situation. Because finding yourself in Limbo meant you were dead, and surely you'd know if you were dead. She still felt alive. She was shivering from the cold, and her knees ached. Her heart was beating in her chest, she could hear it pounding in her ears. The idea was ridiculous.

So sweeping the thought of death under the rug, she latched onto the only other information offered. "Your name is Sesshoumaru? I'm Kagome."

She'd say it was nice to meet him, but it really wasn't. He seemed incredibly condescending and gave off an intimidating air. Yet for some reason she didn't feel afraid of him, and it was oddly easier to accept the notion that he wasn't human over her being dead.

He practically radiated annoyance as his eyes narrowed. "This is your last warning, human."

Kagome rubbed her arms, frowning softly. "Alright, I'll leave you alone if you just answer this question; What's over there?"

She pointed out towards the land before them, covered in white, thin grass. Fog obscured her vision, making it difficult to see what lay beyond the lone tree. She wondered if there was an exit, or at least

answers somewhere out there.

Sesshoumaru grunted, turning away in disinterest. "This one would not know, I have not left this tree since I arrived here."

Kagome blinked and tilted her head. "Really? How long have you been here? And if you don't mind me asking, what are you anyway? I don't mean to be rude but you're clearly not-"

Before she could react, he bore down on her, lips thinning into a grim line. Golden eyes blazed, flashing as he towered over her smaller form. Ah, Kagome thought intelligently, I might have pushed him a little too far.

His hand snatched out, pulling her towards him and lifting her up. Kagome's head reeled, slowly realizing that she was being carried. A large, claw tipped hand was holding her legs, while the other supported her back. Sesshoumaru stalked forward, ignoring the blush raging hotly on her face.

"W-what do you think you're doing! Put me down!" She yelled, squirming.

A distant part of her noticed his proximity, and the fact that he felt warm against her, but she was too outraged to think on it.

"This one intends to." He suddenly stopped walking, eyes meeting hers. "Do not approach this one again. I know next to nothing of our situation. One certainty I do know that is indisputable however, is that I met my demise years ago. It stands to reason that you are dead, just as I am. Accept it."

With these parting words, he lifted her up and flung her into the air. Kagome squeaked, closing her eyes and bracing for impact as she plunged ice cold waters for the second time that day.

Surfacing after just a moment, she gasped and kicked her legs to stay afloat, finding that once again the ground seemed to meet her feet after only a few seconds. Standing up, she glared at the shore, watching as Sesshoumaru turned away, returning to his favorite tree.

Kagome growled low, dripping wet and shaking. "Of all the-" She cursed him foully under her breath, stalking towards another part of the shore.

She reached the white sands, and snatched her trainers that she'd left behind earlier. Pointedly ignoring the tree, she marched with soggy steps towards the flat expanse of land awaiting her, disappearing into the fog.

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Hope you enjoyed ^^ Please tell me your thoughts so far :)

End
file.